

ANDOVER TOWNSMAN

Andover, everywhere and always, first, last,—the manly, straight-forward, sober, patriotic, New England Town.—*PHILLIPS BROOKS.*

VOL. III.

ANDOVER, MASS., JULY 18, 1890.

NO. 40



FOR THE SPRING.

We shall try to interest you in this space for the next few months, by placing here a brief outline of specialties in **CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS.** During the month of March we shall be opening some very handsome **CHEVIOTS, VELOURS AND ENGLISH TWEEDS**, which embrace some very tasty designs. Pantaloons patterns have a large place in our Spring assortment, and they are of the newest and noblest patterns.

FOR THE MAKE UP, we find our recommendation in fifteen years of Andover business.

J. M. BRADLEY, Tailor and Furnisher

J. F. RICHARDS, M. D.,

Residence and Office

Cor. Main St. and Punchard Avenue.

Dr. ABBOTT,

Office and Residence, 43 Main Street.

OFFICE HOURS.

Till 9 A.M.; 1 to 3 P.M.; after 6 P.M.

C. W. SCOTT, M.D.,

Surgeon and Homeopathic Physician,

49 MAIN STREET

Office Hours, until 9 a.m.; 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p.m.

J. A. LEITCH, M. D.,

Office Hours, till 8.30 A. M., 1 to 3 and after 7 P. M.

Barnard's Block, Andover.

DR. C. H. GILBERT,

DENTIST.

OFFICE HOURS:—8 to 12.30 A.M. 2 to 5.30 P.M.

BANK BLOCK, ANDOVER, MASS.

Desirable Land for Sale.

The subscriber offers the following land suitable for several

EXCELLENT HOUSE LOTS

or one large estate, situated on Central Street, and running from the residence of E. H. Barnard, to land back of George H. Torr's, being the garden spot of the old Perry Estate. **SPLENDID FRUIT TREES.**

L. A. Belknap.

Andover, Mass., May 3, 1890.

TO LET.

House, Barn, and 1 1/4 acres of land corner of Summer Street and Punchard Avenue. Inquire of R. M. ABBOTT.

FOR SALE.

The SMALL PRIVATE SCHOONHOUSE situated on Punchard Avenue is offered for sale. Also about 7 acres of nice English grass. Inquire of T. D. THOMSON, Central Street.

CENTURY WAR PAPERS.

A Set in good condition is offered for sale at a low price. Address "R" TOWNSMAN Office.

NOTICE.

Parties desiring lawn mowed and other garden work done may apply to Geo. G. Greene, Box 130, Andover.

—EAT— Perfect Bread

Nature's Great Vital Energy Recuperator.

Wheat, a natural food, contains all the fifteen elements found in the human body, and chemical analysis shows all natural foods, vegetable and animal, contain these same fifteen elements, and nearly in the same proportion as the human body. Deficiency of vitalizing elements is the trouble with *fine flour*.

Facts are Stubborn Truths.

FLOUR is the only impoverished food used by mankind—impoverished by the withdrawal of the tegumentary portion of the wheat, leaving the internal or starchy portion. See the facts! In chemistry we find that in 100 parts of substance (See Analysis):—

Wheat has an ash of 17.7 parts;
Flour an ash of 4.1 parts,—an impoverishment of over three-quarters.

Wheat has 8.2 parts of Phosphoric Acid.

Flour 2.1 parts of Phosphoric Acid,—an impoverishment of about three-quarters.

Wheat has 0.6 Lime, and 0.6 Soda,—

Flour 0.1 Lime, and 0.1 Soda,—an impoverishment of five-sixths Lime and Soda each.

Wheat has Sulphur 1.5; Flour has no Sulphur.

Wheat has Sulphuric Acid 0.5; Flour has no Sulphuric Acid.

Wheat has Silica, 0.3; Flour no Silica.

WHEAT MEAL is a perfect food for Infants and Children, containing all the material for a strong and vigorous constitution.

It is a Positive Cure for Constipation.

It is a PERFECT FOOD for the Dyspeptic, as it is in the best condition for the gastric juice to act upon, furnishing the power to digest, feeding the nerve centres, etc. For the *Brain Worker* it is unsurpassed, containing all the phosphatic properties which the active brain demands, and without which it is incapable of endurance.

"Dogs fed by Magdalen (vide Kirk and Page's Physiology) on flour died in forty days; other dogs fed on wheat meal bread flourished and thrived." The three-fourths impoverishment of the mineral ingredients proved fatal to the "flour" dog. When phosphorus, the physical element of vitality, is wanting in food, the same will be wanting in the system, and the body will come short in vital energy, or the power of endurance. Thus the wasteful expense of living on the basis of superfine flour is enormous and foolish.

THE ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL

IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL PHYSICIANS, HAS BEEN ON THE MARKET FOR THE PAST 16 YEARS, BEARING THE HIGHEST REPUTATION.

Being ground from the best pure wheat, it furnishes to the public the means of supplying a PERFECT FOOD. Its quality as it leaves the Arlington Mills is guaranteed to be of superlative excellence and purity. Packed in barrels and half barrels. Ask your Grocer for it, and use no other.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

SAMUEL A. FOWLE, Proprietor.

ARLINGTON, MASS.

T. A. HOLT, & CO.,

Agents.

THOMAS E. RHODES,

Instructor in Piano, Organ and Harmony.

Agent for Yose & Sons pianos, and careful attention to piano tuning. Will act as Accompanist for any occasion.

Residence, Elm Street. P. O. Box 311.

The Andover National Bank,

Capital, \$ 250,000.00

This Bank respectfully solicits deposits of individuals firms, and corporations, and will give prompt, courteous and careful attention to any business intrusted to its care. Collections made at all points on favorable terms.

M. T. STEVENS, Pres.

MOSES FOSTER, Cashier.

100 Watermelons!

25c.
35c.
40c.

J. H. Campion & Co.,

Andover, Mass.

Steam CARPET BEATING

Will not be done by anyone in or out of town any cheaper than it will be at F. A. DINSMORE'S STEAM CARPET CLEANSING ROOM on Park Street. The best of work guaranteed. Also, Mattress Upholstery and Cabinet Work, and Household Jobbing carefully done.

F. A. DINSMORE

TO LET.

House 51 Central Street, fully furnished, by the month or year. Apply at residence or P. O. Box 13.

ANDOVER NEWS.

For other Andover News, see Pages 4 and 8

E. Pike has a force of men busily engaged putting the steam heating apparatus in the Town Hall building.

Chief of Police Cheever has moved into his new office, although some work, such as painting, etc., yet remains to be done. The two cells are near enough completed to be ready to receive occupants.

A little daughter of Mrs. Leonard fell from a haymow in J. F. Cole's barn Monday, being quite severely bruised about the head and thoroughly shaken up.

Lawrence wheelmen will make a run to Red Springs in Andover next Sunday. The trip is a short one and is for the benefit of the new members. The start will be made at 9 o'clock a.m.—*Eagle*.

John Pray conveyed the Band to Ballardvale Wednesday night, to give a concert.

The Girl's Friendly Society of Christ Church was pleasantly entertained yesterday by Mrs. H. H. Tyer at her summer home at Clifton. The party was taken there and back by Pray with the "Watcheeer."

The Sons of Veterans are now holding two meetings a week for drill in preparation for the National G. A. R. encampment at Boston.

M. A. Clement is enjoying a week's vacation and appears with a handsome iron gray horse.

Geo. S. Minor is enjoying a brief respite from work and spending the time at his home.

James Leslie, brother of the late William Leslie, who died in the hospital in Lawrence a short time ago, will sail from New York for Africa by way of Liverpool next Wednesday, by the steamer Teutonic of the Inman line.

Hardy & Cole are to build a storehouse in North Andover for Mrs. Berry, and it will be occupied by T. A. Holt & Co. for storing goods.

It is understood that beginning with next Monday, the shoe stores in town will be closed three evenings in the week, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, during July and August.

W. S. Jenkins is having an addition of two windows put on the house occupied by Prof. E. G. Coy. Hardy & Cole are doing the work.

The Board of Assessors began its work of taking the decennial valuation of the town last Monday. The centre district is the first scene of operation. Five days a week will be devoted to the work, until finished, which will probably take until October.

A wrong impression may have been conveyed in one part of our item last week about the changes in the school teachers. It said that Miss Emma L. Ward of Frye Village Intermediate is promoted to the Senior department, which was right as far as it went, but we should also have said, "in place of Miss Jennie H. Greaves, resigned."

Lyman A. Belknap has been re-appointed for a third term, one of the trustees of State Almshouses and Farms.

Standing grass sells at this time for little more than half of last year's price. The large quantity of old hay on hand has much to do with the low price.

Sam D. Stevens is acting as resident agent of Marland Mills during the absence of Supt. Jowett.

At a meeting of the Barber Trimmer Stock Company at Portland last week, James B. Smith of this town was elected a director, and also to look after the interests of the company in this section.

H. McLawlin has joined the ranks of the early closers, and his store will be found open on no evenings except Saturdays during July and August. J. E. Whiting will close his store at 6 on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Summer Saunterers.

Mr. Fred Andrews was at Old Orchard Beach over Sunday.

Mrs. C. N. Holt and daughter of Lawrence are spending a short time at G. H. Thwing's on Summer street.

Principal Baldwin of the Punchard School, with his family, is sojourning at Marion.

Miss Alice Bodwell of Salem is a visitor at the home of Joseph F. Cole.

The Misses Stiles of Boston visited at J. H. Dean's Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Edith McLawlin has been at Marion, visiting Miss Annie Robinson.

Rev. F. W. Greene and family are sojourning at Jeffrey, N. H.

Miss McKean of Abbot Academy, is spending a few weeks on the Maine coast.

W. H. Eaton and wife returned Tuesday from a trip in New Hampshire.

Miss R. Farnie Cole is at Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.

Mrs. C. F. Lang is visiting friends in town. She is on her way from New Jersey to Deerfield, N.H., to spend the summer.

Mrs. Sanford Bodwell of Providence, R. I. is making a two week's visit at George S. Cole's.

Mrs. C. S. Smith, formerly of this town, is here visiting friends.

Peter Abercrombie, employed by Valpey Bros., is taking his vacation this week.

J. A. Dennison, in his capacity as Color Sergeant of Maj. Geo. S. Merrill's staff, goes to So. Framingham next week, the time of the annual encampment of the State Militia.

Edwin W. Snow, of Smith & Manning's, with his wife, is passing a week's vacation at Sebago Lake, Me.

J. W. Barnard and wife are enjoying a carriage drive through New Hampshire, going as far as New London.

Martin Delaney, of the New York police force, and Joseph Keenan, a provision dealer of that city, are spending a week in town with James Nolan.

J. Newton Cole and family are enjoying a stay in Boxford.

Lincoln Poor, George F. Smith, John Dove and Donald Churchill, put two canoes in Skug river, below James P. Butterfield's farm, in the southern part of the town on Saturday, July 5th, and passed down that stream, through Martin's Pond, down the river, into the Ipswich river, through Plum Island river, up the Merrimack, up the Shawsheen to Frye Village, arriving home on Friday p.m., the 11th. Hereafter the rivers of Andover shall be known as the Shawsheen, Merrimack and Skug.

Ask your friends about it.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friends who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and \$1 at all druggists.

Letter from Scotland.

Editor of Townsman:

Some of your readers having pleasant personal memories of the land where Burns wrote and "Wallace bled," may like to read a few lines from the pen of Mrs. H. R. Wilbur, now visiting in Bonnie Scotland. Her first Sunday on land was spent in Glasgow. "We were up," she writes, "at the earliest breakfast at our hotel, quarter before nine (1), to be ready for Service at eleven. In the Coffee-room we found a placard of Service at 'Adelaide Pl. Baptist Church, Rev. Thos. H. Martin, pastor.' There are seven churches of this denomination in the city. The above information, however, was all we could readily get of any of the churches. So we availed ourselves of this mark of enterprise, and went there to meeting.

A hymn-book marked 'For Strangers only; to be left in the pew,' was handed each of us as we entered the vestibule, and we were taken to a seat. Music, vocal only; the little children entering with zest into the exercise, which was spiritual and good. They sang several times, and each time no less than five stanzas, generally more, no time for preludes and interludes. A short sermon to children, taking up, say five or ten minutes, a hymn, then a discourse to the older people; these excite no special comment. The address to the children seemed to be the regular practice. The Service over, we were amused and surprised as a gentleman came towards us and said, holding out his hand, 'You are from America, and I am glad to see you.' To the question, 'How did you know?' he replied, 'I have lived thirty years in the States, and I knew the minute I saw you.' He invited us to the vestry where was held a short prayer-service for guidance and help in the religious work of the week. Our friend then insisted we should accompany him to another room, where tea and rolls are served to such persons as stay to the afternoon service at two; and there we found a pleasant and unique occasion, with cordial greetings from new acquaintances. The church, we found, was the largest Baptist church in the city, with some 800 members. We were too weary for the afternoon meeting, but the Sunday with our Scottish friends will be pleasantly remembered.

Pine Point Letter.

Dear Townsman:

Since, by the kindness of your genial editor, I have at last an opportunity to write for the Press, with a comfortable assurance that my manuscript, like Noah's dove, will not fly back to me by return mail, I am determined to avail myself of the privilege, and write of some things that amuse me in this "abode of the blest." In Andover, it sometimes seems as though the semi-weekly visits of Mr. Holt's very gentlemanly salesman, in the middle of the morning, will completely exhaust my brain and purse, but "the storeman" arrives here before breakfast every morning, and though he has but one eye, he seems to see each shining bit of silver in my portemonnaie, and so fertile is he in suggestions, that I believe him to be a prophet, if not a hypnotizer. On Sunday morning he put in an appearance bright and early. I said "not to-day?" he replied, "every day in the week, marm," and a significant gesture brought the ever welcome, always to be dreaded store-book from his pocket. No sooner had I declined his ministrations with that puritanical, better-than-thou smile, which seemed to produce no effect upon him, than the butcher presented himself. "Nice hind-quarter of lamb to-day?" Again I shook my head, and summoned the afore-said smile to the front, with the same result as before. My right door neighbor reaped the reward of my efforts at Christianizing the world, and I don't suppose her dinner troubled her conscience or digestion a bit, for her children played hide and seek under my window for an hour, and that proves the hardness of her heart.

The rather misleading heading in one of the daily papers—"President Harrison's first Bath"—might have added my name. I chanced one day to mention the fact that I had never indulged in a sea bath, and from that hour my cottage was besieged by friends, urging upon me the

necessity and moral obligation resting upon me to go into the water. My two-hundred pounds weight and the lack of other amusement being the secret of their interest. All excuses having been weighed in the balances and found wanting, I yielded, on the unjust judge theory, and donning my new bathing suit faced the great ocean, and the greater question of how to enter it gracefully, noiselessly, and retain the necessary breath for future purposes. The cold, cold water surging about the feet, a step farther, an upward raising of the arms, a gasp, a shriek and the introduction was over, and the wild, mad frolic began. My friends were enthusiastic over my entrance into the new world of delight, but their shouts of laughter died away as they saw me struggling, splashing or "flopping" beneath the waves, a la Mrs. (what was her name). What I did, or did not do, I shall never know, but I shall always understand now the sensations of an intoxicated person, and so exhilarated and captivated was I by the soft, warm, blue waves, that I lost myself continually. I did not, however, repeat the experience of the young woman who was so delighted with her first salt water bath that she remained in it two hours. I thought I had attained the height of human enjoyment allotted to a woman of forty, when I first revelled in the never ending joys of Class-day at Harvard, but there is a step beyond, and that was, is, and ever shall be, a sea bath. Who knows but there may still be rounds above in the ladder to be discovered. There is "The Fall of Babylon" to see yet, and the World's Fair too. After all life is worth living. What a pity that all the suicides of the past decade (and how many there have been) shouldn't have tried a sea bath. Alas! many of them did and found in this same sea, whose praises I sing, their resting place. God help those whose only release from trouble is death. At this point it would be quite proper to fall into poetry, but I have too much regard for my fellow townsmen and women to do that, and so with a God bless you all, will take my daily plunge in the great deep.

L. E. M.

Pine Point, July 10, '90.

A Yankee in Andersonville.

From an illustrated article, with the above title, by Dr. T. H. Mann, in the *Century* for July, we quote as follows: "It was near noon of the 20th of May, 1864, that our train came to a stop in a clearing of the pine forest. We had been all expectation for an hour or more, straining eager eyes to catch some glimpse of our stopping-place. It was here before us. Looking from our position upon the railroad towards the southeast, at the extreme end of the clearing, some three or four hundred yards away, a cloud of smoke was curling upward from a rectangular, substantial looking pen. Upon inquiry we were told, 'That's where you Yanks will put up!'

"We had little time for thought before a round-shouldered, blustering little man upon a white horse rode the length of the train, and with many a curse and oath ordered us all-out. During our exit from the close, cramped quarters we had occupied so long a fresh guard came, in the wildest confusion and unmilitary order, from the direction of the smoke, and after much blustering and cursing we were formed into two lines, giving room for us to pass between, four deep. After some more swearing the officer on the white horse placed himself at the head of the column and ordered us to march. This was Wirz, our prison-keeper, and unhappily our first introduction to him was not our last. Upon reaching the inclosure we halted while a part of our number were formed into a detachment, and the remainder were ordered to be placed upon the rolls of the older detachments already in the pen.

"I have hesitated thus far to pronounce the word Andersonville. We knew nothing, or had heard nothing, of the place, so we had not a moment's notice of the life we were about to enter upon. These many years after, the word 'Andersonville' excites the same curiosity that it did before we entered upon the months of suffering that cannot be told. This, then, was Andersonville; or, as it was called by the guard, 'Camp Sumpter.' We entered it by a swinging door or gate, large, heavily ironed, and guarded.

"As we passed within the doors were closed behind and heavily barred—closed upon me for five long months, and upon one-half our number for life. Our hearts sickened as we first looked upon the misery before our eyes. The attempt to picture our mental depression as we took in, with one quick, swift glance, the condition of those who had entered before us, would be futile.

"We joined inside the inclosure thirteen thousand of our comrades in arms, but they were not to be recognized. They seemed a different race of the human family, and vastly more squalid than any I ever had seen or heard of—emaciated forms, half human and half spectral, black with filth and smoke, and swarming with vermin. As we were driven like sheep into the stockade they crowded about us, making inquiries faster than they could be answered."

States, People, and Cities, their Abbreviations and Nicknames.

The following list, giving the abbreviations and nicknames of the states, people, and cities in our country may be found not only interesting, but instructive to our readers:

Alabama, Ala.
Alaska Ter., Alas.
Arizona Ter., Ariz.
Arkansas, Ark., Bear State.
California, Cal., Golden State, San Francisco, City of the Golden Gate.
Connecticut, Conn., Ct., Land of Steady Habits, Blue-Law State, New Haven, City of Elms.
Colorado, Col., Centennials.
Columbia Dist., D.C., Washington, City of Magnificent Distances.
Dacotah, Dac.
Delaware, Del., Diamond State, Blue Hen's Chickens.
Florida, Fla., Peninsula State.
Georgia, Ga., Crackers, Atlanta, Gate City.
Idaho Ter., Id.
Iowa, Ia., Hawkeyes, Keokuk, Gate City.
Illinois, Ill., Sucker State, Prairie State, Chicago, Garden City, Springfield, Flower City.
Indiana, Ind., Hoosiers, Indianapolis, Railroad City.
Kansas, Kan., Jay-hawkers.
Kentucky, Ky., Dark and Bloody Ground, Corncrackers, Louisville, Falls City.
Louisiana, La., Creole State, Pelican State, New Orleans, Crescent City.
Maine, Me., Pine-Tree State, Portland, Forest City.
Maryland, Md., Baltimore, Monumental City.
Massachusetts, Mass., Bay State, Boston, Modern Athens, The Hub, Lowell, City of Spindles.
Michigan, Mich., Wolverines, Detroit, City of the Straits.
Minnesota, Min.
Mississippi, Miss., Bayou State.
Missouri, Mo., Pukes, St. Louis, Mound City.
Montana, Mia.
Nevada, Nev., Silver State.
New Jersey, N. J., Jersey Blues.
Nebraska, Neb.
New Mexico Ter., N. M.
New Hampshire, N. H., Granite State.
New York, N.Y., Empire State, Knickerbockers, Buffalo, Queen City of the Lakes, New York, Gotham, Brooklyn, City of Churches.
North Carolina, N. C., Old North State, Turpentine State, Tar-Heels.
Ohio, O., Buckeye State, Cincinnati, Queen City of the West, Porkopolis, Cleveland, Forest City.
Oregon, Ogn., Web-Foot State.
Pennsylvania, Pa., Keystone State, Philadelphia, Quaker City, City of Brotherly Love, Pittsburgh, Iron City.
Rhode Island, R.I., Little Rhody.
South Carolina, S.C., Palmetto State.
Tennessee, Tenn., Mudheads, Big-bend State, Nashville, City of Rocks.
Texas, Tex., Lone-Star State, Beet-Heads.
Utah Ter., Uh., Mormon State.
Vermont, Vt., Green Mountain State.
Virginia, Va., Old Dominion, Mother of Strates.
West Virginia, W. Va.
Washington, Wash.
Wisconsin, Wis., Badger State.
Wyoming, Wyo.

CANADA.

Ontario, Ont., Toronto, City of Colleges.
Quebec, P. Q., Montreal, City of the

Mountain and the Rapids, Quebec, Gibraltar of America.

New Brunswick, N.B., Blue Noses.
Nova Scotia, N. S.
Pr. Edward's Island, P.E.I.
Newfoundland, Nfld.
Manitoba, Man.
North West Territory, N.W. Ter.
British Columbia, Br. Col.

Don'ts for Amateur Flower Cultivators.

Don't plant seeds as small as the eye of a needle, such as petunia and portulaca, under an inch of soil. They should be merely covered, and that with soil as fine as you can make it.

Don't pour water on plants or flower beds out of a pail or dipper, or anything else; use a sprinkler or a hose with a fine spray.

Don't let any one make you believe that luck has anything to do with success in cultivating flowers. It has not. Unfailing watchfulness and industry, with a mixture of common sense, is worth all the luck in the world in flower gardening, as in other things.

Don't begin with high-priced novelties, or failure will most likely attend your best endeavors. Select for your first venture kinds and varieties of flowers and plants most easily grown. Any friend who grows flowers can tell you what these are.

Don't fuss too much over plants, they like to be let alone when they are doing their best, and so do you.

Don't follow everybody's advice. Select some good authority on plants and be guided by it. Above all, don't "try everything" to make your plants grow. Nothing will kill them sooner than persecution of this kind.

Don't let failure dismay or discourage you. One must serve a sort of apprenticeship in flower growing as in other occupations. Study your climate, your soil, the location of your flowerbeds and the kinds of plants particularly adapted to your locality.

Don't do as the lady did who said that she watered her plants regularly every Wednesday and every Saturday, whether they needed it or not, because she believed in having "a regular system for anything." Water your plants when they need water and at no other time.

Don't be too eager to buy seeds and plants where you can buy them the cheapest. The best is always the cheapest and you cannot get the best for nothing or for half price. I once had a bare, ragged, sickly looking flower-garden all summer, as the result of an experiment with cheap seeds and plants.

Don't think you can't have flowers because you haven't half an acre of garden. Wonders can be done on ten square feet of ground, and I once saw a flower garden in an old washtub that was a thing of beauty from June until October.

Don't be stingy with your flowers after they have come. Give them to the poor, the sick, and even to those who love flowers, but cannot have them because of living in blocks or flats or boarding.—*New England Farmer.*

High Pressure in American Life.

There is no more cheering sign of the desire for social improvement and of needed relief from the burdens imposed by our high pressure civilization than the eagerness with which men and women now look forward to an increase of holidays, and the willingness with which individual business firms and great manufacturing corporations have lessened the aggregate yearly amount of individual labor. For many years the Saturday half-holiday has been general in the business centres of Europe; but it is only of late that it has become widely recognized here as affording a partial solution of the great problem of over-strained, over-wrought life. When the idea was first suggested persons who were always looking on the lower side of human nature were ready with arguments to show that its operation would lead to business demoralization and social abuses; but the result, on the contrary, has evidenced that leisure does not necessarily produce either laziness or inertia. In comparing the life of a business or professional man in Europe with that of types of the same class in our own country a marked difference is observed.

There is no hour here in which men

appear to be unemployed. From early morn till dewy eve there is a constant rush and bustle. The drive and excitement of business continue often far into the night. Upon leaving his office the lawyer merely transfers his work to the quieter surroundings of home; the merchant burns the midnight oil over his day books and ledgers, and when half the world is asleep the financier is planning fresh schemes or studying the fluctuations of shares and bonds. Even the rest and silence of Sunday are interrupted by the necessity for keeping pace with the quick march of western civilization. We travel by lightning express, correspond by telegraph, talk by telephone; and if a new universal language should be invented it would be one that would shorten the time that is now wasted in oral communication. To protest against this mischievous pressure the answer is that the needs of the world demand it; and yet the people of older countries, who move more slowly, succeed in keeping abreast of art, invention and discovery, besides offering us with new ideas and contributing to our industrial and intellectual forces. Nor is it alone among brain-workers that the effects of this constant pressure are disclosed in the shape of diseases and ailments which are certain to follow an undue waste of vital energy.

The United States census of 1880 shows an excessive death rate among farmers, laborers and mechanics—the three classes of all others most important to the material prosperity of a commonwealth—thus implying not only a waste of life, but a concurrent waste of time and energy. With diminished pressure upon the mind and body there would be increased vitality, and, consequently, less temptation to forms of excess injurious to health and happiness. This forcing process has, unfortunately, also found its way into our educational system. It ought to be recognized as a fundamental principle that education should proceed, according to the laws of nature, in such a way as to fit the child for its station in life, and that nothing can be more pernicious than the undue cultivation which advances the mind at the expense of the body and the natural affections.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Unique Warfare.

Says the *Boston Advertiser*: "A bicycle corps is to be made a feature of the New York National Guard. This is something truly unique in warfare and doubtless the example will be extensively followed. Bicycles do not eat nearly so much as horses and to substitute the one for the other would solve the question of forage very neatly. For use on the field of battle the bicycle would be invaluable. What a terror would be the sight of a regiment mounted upon bicycles and charging upon an enemy. Had the 'Noble Six Hundred' at Balaklava only been mounted upon wheels in their famous charge very many more might have escaped unharmed. On parade and review also the officer in command and his aides mounted upon patent safety bicycles would be an imposing spectacle. When Queen Victoria reviews the German regiment of which she is the colonel, to be mounted thus would add greatly to her dignity, and would, beyond doubt, increase her popularity. It was a happy thought for the members of the New York National Guard, and one which should be speedily realized."

Gen. Fremont.

Of Gen. Fremont the *New York Press* says: "He is a cold man indeed whom the history of John C. Fremont does not thrill at some point. The youth of the land will always be fascinated by his daring as a pioneer explorer. Old soldiers will honor his tomb on future Memorial days, and every republican in 1855 will feel his heart beat more quickly when the name of the party's first standard bearer is mentioned; but all the world loves a lover, and the sweetest flowers upon his grave will be the roses that bright eyed maidens devote to the daring wooer of the senator's daughter of long, long ago."

News about Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The Large Bottles are 50c and \$1.

News and Notes of the Week.

Among the weather predictions are early frosts after August and a cold winter.

President Harrison approved the Silver bill immediately upon its receipt at the White House.

Marlboro' voted Monday to accept a city charter. There were only 26 negative votes.

War between Guatemala and San Salvador is imminent, and the latter country is proclaimed in a state of seige.

Citizens of Atlanta, Ga., have subscribed \$3000 for the purchase of an elephant to be placed in the public park.

A melon cut in slices and seasoned with a squeeze of lemon juice and a sprinkling of sugar is an appetizing breakfast dish.

There was a \$25,000 fire at Fall River, Wednesday, and the town of Rockland suffered a loss of \$10,000, several business places being burned.

A plank has been sawed in Eureka, Cal., for exhibition at the World's Fair. It is of redwood, twelve and a half feet long, sixteen feet wide and four inches thick.

Chicago is supremely happy. She has secured the World's Fair, and is said to possess a larger population than Philadelphia. The approximate figures are 1,101,263.

A marine railway 25 miles in length, connecting the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the Bay of Fundy, across the Isthmus of Chignecto, will be completed by September next.

A severe thunderstorm struck some portions of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, Tuesday. A steam tug was capsized on Fairlee Pond and one man was drowned.

A Spanish naval lieutenant has been given a title of nobility and \$100,000 for the invention of a sub-marine boat moved by electricity as a testimonial for his services to the country.

Thirteen hundred kegs of powder were accidentally exploded Tuesday 29 miles from Cincinnati, killing at least ten persons and wounding 30 others, besides destroying much property.

Thomas Coyle, who on the 5th instant threw a brick through the teller's window in the Lincoln National Bank and grabbed \$350, was Monday sentenced to State Prison for three and a half years.

The greatest marvel in telegraphy is said to be the synchronous multiplex, an instrument by means of which six messages can be transmitted upon one wire, either all from one station or in opposite directions.

Terrence Creamer, of Cherry street, Roxbury, was killed by an electric car on Warren street Saturday night, and five people in a carriage on Shawmut avenue, Sunday, narrowly escaped injury from a car.

The Governor of Connecticut is determined to be obeyed or to have no militia in the State. A private for disobedience of orders has been dismissed from the service and disqualified for re-entering it for five years.

The boiler of the freight steamer Tioga, one of the largest vessels on the great lakes, exploded Friday night at her dock in Chicago. Thirty-eight people were on board, and only two of them are known to have escaped unharmed.

John Cruse of Westboro' shot his employer, Frank Martin, in the back on Saturday with the object of robbing him of a large sum of money. Martin is not expected to recover. The assassin is under arrest and confesses his crime.

The marriage of Mr. Henry M. Stanley to Miss Dorothy Tennant took place in Westminster Abbey on Saturday. Mr. Stanley had been sick, and he remained seated during the ceremony. After the marriage, the bridal party then drove to Richmond Terrace to partake of the wedding breakfast. Nearly a thousand guests had assembled there to attend the reception. During the ceremony, Mr. Stanley's voice was almost inaudible as he repeated the service, but Miss Tennant's was clear and steady and only faltered as she repeated the words "in sickness and in health."

A terrific cyclone struck a small section of Minnesota near St. Paul Sunday, killing and wounding many. The accounts from the scene of the disaster are very meagre. It is known, however, that at least two prominent citizens of St. Paul were killed.

Two or three days' supply of fireworks to be used in the nightly exhibition of the "Siege of Vera Cruz," at Manhattan Beach, exploded at an early hour Wednesday morning, and for an hour there was the most brilliant pyrotechnic display ever seen on Coney Island. They cost upward of \$4000.

Western farmers need no longer burn their corn. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says it has been demonstrated that corn will yield an oil of such varied uses that it may drive nearly all competitors out of the market. The manufacturing process is cheap, and a bushel of corn will make 15 or 20 pounds of oil.

At Springfield, O., on Tuesday, Arthur Basinger, a farmer, was struck and killed by lightning while in his hayfield. The bolt which killed him also excavated a hole like a grave immediately behind him, into which he fell. A man at work with him was badly shocked. So relates the telegraph.

An English syndicate will soon be formed to lay a cable from San Francisco to Honolulu, and then to extend it to Auckland and Sydney. It is thought that the large sums which syndicates are putting into Australia and many South Sea islands will make an ocean cable to this country necessary.

M. Eiffel is now utilizing his famous tower and a balloon for aerial telegraph purposes by night. It is intended to ascertain by the experiments at what distance the lights on the tower can be perceived from a balloon, and to what height from the summit of the tower an aerostat can be seen and communicated with by signals.

Painters will do well to adopt some method of removing paint from buildings other than that of burning it off. The Peabody Institute building in Danvers was destroyed by that cause recently, and Wednesday Rockland suffered a loss of \$100,000, set by painters who were burning the paint from the Congregational Church, preparatory to putting on a new coat.

A frightful tragedy took place at West Wilton, N.H., Friday, at a small farm house occupied by Warren Holt, his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Bohannon and the murderer, Edwin Holt, the village milkman and son of the murdered man. Warren Holt was sick and his son Edwin, 40 years of age, retired Thursday night in the room as well as ever. At an early hour he got up and called for his mother, who was in an adjoining room. She visited his apartment, when he commenced a brutal assault upon her, crushing her face with blows of terrific force. Her screams brought her sister, Mrs. Bohannon, and thus the mother's life was saved. She hid herself and her sister ran for help. The sight of the blood from his mother's wounds seems to have aroused a devilish frenzy in the son, who rushed to the sick room of his father, tore him from bed and dragged him to the fireplace, where he caught him by the throat and dashed him against the bricks, pounding his head to a jelly. The infuriated man, after pounding his father's brains out, kicked his head, breaking his lower jaw. The neighbors were aroused and after a desperate struggle the murderer was overpowered. Doctors pronounced him insane, and he was taken to the Concord asylum at night. He said that the house was full of devils and that his father was the ringleader. Last Sunday, Holt told his mother that he felt strange, and that he thought something should be done with him before he harmed members of his family.

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ANDOVER, MASS.

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THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1890.

ANDOVER NEWS.

For other Andover News see pages 1 and 8.

Mrs. Upton of North Reading, who is to build the new house on Chestnut street, mentioned last week, is a sister-in-law and not the mother of Mrs. F. B. Jenkins, as we stated in that item.

A new floor will be put in the Scotland schoolhouse and other repairs made by Geo. S. Cole.

Editors Higgins and Rhodes, of Andover, have been making a brief visit at the Point of Pines, the past week.—"Exchange."

The Merrill family on the Hill enjoyed an outing at Haggatt's Pond, Monday afternoon, being conveyed there by Bean's Tally-ho.

The Lawrence Canoe Club defeated the Reading Athletic Club last Saturday, in the Merrimack Valley League series, by a score of 11 to 10. But if reports are true, the manner in which it was won may be somewhat questionable.

Will the person who found a handkerchief with Mexican work border, dropped on Central street, please leave at the postoffice, and greatly oblige the owner?

The Juvenile Missionary Society of the West church will meet in the vestry, Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

The fire company, with the steamer made a quick response to the fire at B. F. Smith's farm last Friday, considering the distance and the hard roads, less than twenty-five minutes being consumed. Quite a fierce fire was raging in the woods beyond Mr. Smith's buildings and if allowed to burn without giving an alarm might have done more serious damage. The firemen did good work and finally checked the blaze. It is reported that some thirty cords of cut wood were burned. The fire is supposed to have caught from sparks from the engine of the saw-mill, which is at work there.

Dr. E. C. Mitchell, who conducted the services at the Baptist church last Sabbath, is the author of different works: a Hebrew Grammar, Critical Handbook or Scripture, etc., published by our townsman, Mr. Draper; the latter honored this acquaintance by his presence at the exercises at which Mr. Mitchell officiated. At the evening service he reported the impressions gained by himself of the attitude of our Southern friends soon after the war touching the education of the freedmen. The comparison of views seemed to show a most decided advance in the sentiments of that "section," and on the part especially of the well informed and sober portion, a growing friendliness.

Dennis Foley, of North Reading, was before Judge Poor, Thursday morning, on the charge of drunkenness. He was found guilty, and paid a fine of four dollars and costs. Officer George Loud arrested him Wednesday night.

Newell W. Murch, formerly of this town, but later settled in the West, is here visiting.

The annual fishing trip to Marblehead, under the charge of Thomas Bentley, which started last Friday morning, returning Saturday, was, as usual, a success. Much fun was had, and there was a very fair catch of fish. To make the occasion more interesting, small cash prizes are offered, and the result this time was as follows: For largest fish, Joseph T. Lovejoy; smallest, N. Shattuck; first, John Kershaw; most, T. H. Bentley. The party arrived here Saturday evening, much pleased with the trip.

We are pleased to acknowledge the courtesy of the North Andover Rifles in sending us complimentary passes for their annual encampment at Framingham next week.

Our flowing rhetoric and beautiful verse evidently accomplished its mission among our summer saunterers, or at least with one of them. The bright letter on page 2 is very pleasant reading, and many bits of Pine Point life are given in a very happy way. Do not fail to read both this and the interesting letter from Scotland.

The arrangements for the Union picnic are progressing, and an enjoyable time may be expected. Canobie Lake has been secured for August 2nd and the price of tickets has been fixed at 40 cents for adults and 25 cents for children. It will be a regular basket picnic but a general table will be provided for any who do not carry their lunch baskets. Efforts are now being made to have the train start before 8 o'clock in the morning instead of later as usual.

Canobie Lake promises more attractions than ever this year, among the later additions being a steamboat which is to be for the exclusive use of the picnickers all day. Full particulars of the train service, sports, etc., will be given in our next week's issue.

The Merrimack Steam Laundry, of Lawrence, has an agency for this town at G. C. Lyle's.

Rev. Mr. Vose, of Providence, R. I., is occupying the Episcopal Rectory during the absence of Mr. Palmer.

Liquor Case.

Cases in Court for the illegal keeping or selling of intoxicating liquors in this town have been very few of late, probably due to the fact that Chief of Police Cheever has kept a vigilant eye in this direction and few have dared to dispense liquor to any amount. For five years Chief Cheever has tried to get evidence sufficient to convict one, who he knew was selling the fluid, but although he has brought the party into court, has failed to produce the necessary proof. At last, however, he has procured strong evidence against Mrs. Ellen Haley, who is the person referred to, such as could not fail to convict. She was summoned to appear before Judge Poor yesterday afternoon, but instead of doing so she closed her house and place of business, and left for parts yet unknown to the authorities. The Chief of Police hopes yet to make a case out of it, but if he has succeeded in closing this place, which is known to almost everyone as a place of unlawful business, by driving her out of town, it might perhaps be as well to leave her unmolested, if she will only remain away.

Prohibition.

In its account of the successful meeting of the Essex County Prohibition Club at Salisbury Beach last week, the Salem Gazette says:

"Rev. Varnum Lincoln of Andover delivered an address on 'Prohibition in the Light of Science.' He said prohibition has been agitated a number of years, but new ideas have been advanced, so that we are getting to the facts in the case. The verdict of science is that alcohol is not food, but a poison. It should be classed with opium, strychnine and other poisons. When a man is intoxicated he is poisoned. A large number of physicians have declared that it is a poison. No one should take this poison into his system. If alcohol is a poison prohibition is legitimate and proper, and it should be treated and labeled as a poison and sold by druggists only. Physicians are abandoning the use of this poison in their practice though a few prescribe it in some cases. About fourteen years ago the doctors took a new departure in this matter. The address exhibited much research, and it was voted to print it."

—A Virginia woman who has had thirty-seven children has been found by the census man says an exchange. Her name is Martha Gray, and her record is thus given: Six triplets, eighteen; six twins, twelve; seven singles, seven; total thirty-seven.

BASE BALL.

Niotus, 21; Cliftons, 18.

The Niotus Club went to Clifton Saturday and engaged with the local team in a contest which was characterized by loose fielding and heavy batting by both sides. A great deal of the poor fielding by the Niotus men, however, was due to the grounds, especially affecting the work of the outfield. The diamond was very good, but just back of this, clear around the outfield was a steep hill with a decline on the further side, and it was very difficult for any one not used to the grounds to judge fly balls. By this means a large number of Clifton's hits were made, as they would have been easy out on a good field.

The Cliftons had not lost a game on their grounds this season, and were anxious to win, but their pitcher, Hinckley, did not seem to be up to his form and the Niotus men batted his curves savagely. Smith did not have his usual cunning with the ball and was batted hard, Cox making a great record.

The Cliftons began their work in the 2d inning, making eight runs, and led through the sixth, but Niotus gradually drew up and in the seventh inning, amid great enthusiasm, passed their opponents; the score being 19 to 17. Niotus played good ball in the last three innings and the Cliftons could only get in one more run, while the former added two, making the final score 21 to 18. The game was long and tiresome but there was lots of enthusiasm among the large number who were present. An examination of the score best tells the story.

NIOTUS.

	AB	R	B	H	T	S	H	P	O	A	E
Campbell, ss, 3b,	6	5	3	5	1	4	2	3			
Garvin, lf, cf,	6	4	3	3	0	0	0	1			
Burt, c,	7	0	1	1	1	6	3	1			
Smith, p,	5	3	5	5	0	2	7	2			
Hinchcliff, 2b,	5	2	2	6	1	5	1	1			
Dane, cf, lf,	6	0	2	2	0	0	0	3			
Rhodes, lb,	6	0	1	1	0	6	3	0			
Frye, rf, ss,	5	2	1	1	0	1	1	1			
Cole, 3b,	2	2	1	1	0	3	1	3			
Burnham, rf,	1	3	1	1	0	0	0	0			
Totals,	49	21	20	26	3	27	18	15			

CLIFTONS.

	AB	R	B	H	T	S	H	P	O	A	E
Pierson, rf, ss,	6	3	1	1	0	3	0	1			
Phelan, 2b,	6	3	2	2	0	2	1	0			
Cox, lf,	6	4	6	12	0	1	0	1			
Pierce, cf,	5	2	1	1	0	2	0	3			
Thayer, 3b,	4	2	2	4	1	3	2	2			
Collamore, ss, lb,	5	1	1	1	0	1	2	3			
Cushing, c,	4	1	2	3	0	5	2	1			
Cruff, lb, p,	4	1	1	1	0	7	1	1			
Hinckley, p, rf,	6	1	2	2	0	0	6	6			
Totals,	46	18	18	27	1	24	14	18			

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Niotus,	2	4	0	2	3	5	3	2	x-21
Cliftons,	1	8	0	1	4	3	0	0	1-18

Earned runs; Niotus 5. Two-base hits; Cox (2), Cushing. Three-base hits; Campbell, Cox (2), Thayer. Home run; Hinchcliff. Stolen bases; Campbell (2), Garvin (4), Smith, Dane, Rhodes, Pierson, Phelan, Pierce (3), Thayer (2), Collamore, Hinckley. Base on balls; by Smith 4, by Hinckley 6. Struck out; by Smith 4, by Hinckley 4. Double play; Smith and Hinchcliff. Passed balls; Burt 2, Cushing 1. Wild pitches; Smith 1. Hit by pitched ball; Cole, Burnham, Pierce. Time, 2 hours, 50 minutes. Umpires, Burton and Sanborn of Clifton.

Notes After the Game.

The Cliftons are a gentlemanly set of ball players, and it was a pleasure to meet a nine which exhibited such a good feeling both during and after the game.

Burt's beautiful throw in the first inning which cut off the first runner who tried to steal second base, made the Clifton men a little cautious about stealing bases.

The residents of Clifton are very enthusiastic in the support of their ball nine, if the attendance at this game goes to prove anything.

After the game both teams, through the kindness and liberality of H. H. Tyler, enjoyed a very pleasant banquet and reception at the Crowninshield Hotel.

It is hoped that the Cliftons may play a return game here before the season is ended and if possible a date will be arranged.

The Clifton ball grounds being just in the rear of the summer residence of Mr. Tyler, a full view of the game was easily had from his spacious piazza.

The Niotus boys are enthusiastic in their appreciation of the warm reception tendered them by Mr. Tyler.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25cts per box. For Sale by Arthur Bliss.

Cinders.

As "English Opinions of America" are always interesting, we note the reply of Mrs. Ormiston Chant when asked what city in the States she liked best. "Oh, they are so different, like individuals," she replied. "When I was in Portland I thought it beautiful, and when in Washington I found that charming; I am very fond of Chicago, and when I get to Boston I shall be as happy as a sand-boy. I like America."

There are some people who are so pleasant when they are absent that one can almost forgive them for being so unbearable when they are present.—Boston Transcript.

"You are fined \$10," cried the fair girl, as the old gentleman poked his head in the room where she was entertaining her best beau. "What for?" inquired pater. "Contempt of court, of course."—N. Y. Herald.

Debts are curious things, I'll have you to know; The more they're contracted The larger they grow.

—Journal of Education.

Mr. Staid—"And is Miss Gigglegaggle well educated?" Mrs. McFad—"Educated? I should say so. Why, the ribbons on her graduating dress alone cost over \$50."—Boston Transcript.

—One who ought to know says that the only true way to eat a watermelon and thoroughly enjoy it is first to steal it from a field, next to hide it for a half a day in the depths of a running brook, lift it out all dripping with the cool water, cut in half with the hand scoop out the crimson hearts, and bury the face in the delicious depths. It certainly sounds interesting.—Boston Post.

"You want a position on the staff as a humorist, eh?" asked the editor.

"Yes," said the graduate, "that's what I want."

"What experience have you had?"

"Well, I painted the word 'Damn' on the chapel steps up at college once, and lit a giant cracker under the chair of our Greek Professor."

HOW TO ROLL AN UMBRELLA. —"Certainly, but you don't need any," said a salesman in a Chapel Street store recently to a customer who had just bought an umbrella, and who had asked for a rubber ring. "But I want to keep the ends of the ribs from spreading when the umbrella is rolled up," and the customer held up for inspection the umbrella he had just rolled.

"Let me show you," said the salesman, as he unfasted the band and shook out the folds. Grasping the stick so that his right hand held the ends of the ribs close to the wood, he began rolling the silk in the curve of his left hand. Whenever he gave the umbrella a turn he kept the ribs in their original position, and when the rolling was complete he held up the umbrella, and showed that the metal tips pressed as closely to the stick as if riveted in place.—New Haven Palladium.

Equal to the Occasion.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's son, Rev. Charles Stowe of Hartford, Ct., met with an experience the other evening which completely nonplussed him. One evening quite recently he dined with Mrs. J. W. Boardman, proprietress of Hotel Woodruff. Visiting Mrs. Boardman is a cute little niece about five years old. She is a regular chatterbox, and makes many bright remarks during the day. Fearing lest the child would astonish the preacher by some outlandish saying, her aunt warned her to keep mum during dinner. The admonition was listened to with awe, and at the table the little one scarcely dared look at Mr. Stowe, not wishing to commit a supposed sin. While the servant was absent from the room the little girl noticed there was no butter on her small pink dish. She didn't mind holding her tongue, but to eat bread without butter—that would never do. She took a survey of the table, and, lo and behold, the butter-dish was directly in front of the preacher. Wistfully she gazed at both a few seconds. Never in her brief existence did she appear so pensive. Then, gathering all her courage, and clearing her throat, she said: "Dear pastor, won't you please, for Christ's sake, pass the butter?" The Rev. Mr. Stowe never received such a shock. He leaned over his chair to pick up his napkin, which, of course, had not fallen. Mrs. Boardman must at that moment have arranged a window curtain, and other guests were suddenly touched with a friendly cough. Little Mabel, self-satisfied that she had done the proper thing, was the only one at the table who could positively prove that she was alive.—Somerville Journal.

BALLARDVALE

L. A. Penney returns from "down East" with a record of 123 trout caught in two and a half hours.

The Gun Club held the first good shoot of the season last Saturday. Some twelve or fifteen participated. Messrs. Shattuck, E. Hoffman and R. M. Whittaker were in the lead. The new house will be completed by the middle of the coming week.

Eddie Shaw has taken a position with the Ivers & Pond Piano Co., Boston.

Mr. Hersey Dyer, cashier of the First National Bank of Provincetown, with Mrs. Dyer and Miss Sparks of that town have been visiting C. U. Tuck this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clukey left yesterday for a trip to Northern New York state for the benefit of Mr. Clukey's health.

Mr. Albert Clemons has moved into his new house on Marland street.

Misses Nellie and Aggie Holmes are at Lisbon, Me., for a time.

I. N. Kibbee, a prominent Attleboro cotton manufacturer, and wife and daughter were in town last week visiting his brother, Mr. C. H. Kibbee.

Miss Maggie Day of Providence has been in town this week.

Miss Ida Davis of Malden and Miss Bibby of Boston have been renewing acquaintances here.

Mrs. Dugan of Meriden has been stopping with her son, Officer Dugan.

Mr. Alex Derrah is enjoying sea breezes at Gloucester.

It was reported early this week that James Connell, son of Wm. Connell, had been killed by the cars near Philadelphia. There is some doubt about this being the case, though he is supposed to be in that section.

Mrs. Hattie C. Sprague, wife of Paul Sprague of the Craighead & Kintz Co.'s Spelter foundry, died in Lawrence last Friday, aged 25 years, after a short illness. Mr. Sprague's fellow workmen contributed some very handsome floral pieces.

Messrs. Edward G. and H. M. Hayward have embarked in the coal business as per card in another column. There ought to be a good opening in this line.

Lawrence Gill, brother of John Gill of town, and who was employed in the Craighead & Kintz Co.'s shop three or four years, was killed by the cars near Birmingham, Conn., Monday.

The Andover Band gave an enjoyable concert Wednesday evening.

A Card.

I wish to hereby thank my fellow employees for their sympathy so generously extended in my recent affliction, and also for their beautiful gifts of flowers.

PAUL SPRAGUE.

Lawrence, July 13, 1890.

The Giant Show.

A bit of news that has created considerable of a stir hereabouts is the official announcement that Forepaugh's tented aggregation, "three times greater than ever," is to exhibit at Lawrence, Tuesday, July 29, under the proprietorship of Mr. James E. Cooper. It is authoritatively stated that this engagement will be the only one played by Manager Cooper in this locality this season. It would have suited us better had he chosen to bring his titanic combination here, but if the great showman won't come to see us, we will have to go, Mahomet-like, to see him, as sea the show we must—it's too big a thing to miss. Mr. Cooper has undoubtedly got the banner show of the world this year. In addition to a huge and unrivaled menagerie, circus, Parisian-Roman hippodrome, and A. Forepaugh, Jr.'s trained animal exposition, the Forepaugh management now present the famous historical "Wild West" show, with all its thrilling and remarkable features, including the Custer battle, Mountain Meadow Massacre, attack on the overland mail coach, Sheridan's Ride, and numerous other acts illustrative of life in the romantic and perilous West. Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the international crack shot hero, heads the contingent of two hundred scouts, cowboys, Indians and cavalymen. It goes without saying that Andover and vicinity will be represented at Lawrence, Tuesday, July 29.

WHY NOT use the best? The best is the cheapest. Try World Soap, it always gives satisfaction.

NORTH ANDOVER.

Merrimack Lodge, Order of the Red Cross, was instituted at the Bradstreet school-house, Tuesday evening, starting with 22 members. The following officers were elected: Past President, Dr. Frank E. Weil; President, George S. Spence; Vice-President, H. W. Walker; Secretary, Mrs. L. M. Wilson; Treasurer, James W. Leitch; Chaplain, Mrs. J. G. Brown; Marshal, Walter H. Stone; Inside Guard, C. W. Dillon; Sentinel, William Quinton; Trustees, Dr. F. E. Weil, R. W. Walker, Geo. S. Spence.

Dr. F. E. Weil is the Medical Examiner of Merrimack Lodge, O. R. C.

Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks and Hon. Wm. E. Russell were among the cabin passengers who sailed on the Cephalonia for Europe, Saturday morning, from Boston.

Rev. F. A. Wilson of the Free Church, Andover, conducted the morning service at the Congregational Church Sunday, in exchange with Rev. H. H. Leavitt.

The Eben Sutton S. F. E. was taken to the Railroad Street reservoir last evening for practice.

Mr. B. P. Saunders is having his house improved on the exterior by a new coat of paint.

Misses Anna Tucker and Henrietta Hatch are enjoying life at Cottage City.

The business interests of the firm, T. A. Holt & Co., the well known grocers at the Centre, afforded, in order to meet the demands of an ever increasing line of customers, Mrs. Clarence Berry has purchased the land and will at once cause to be erected a new storehouse of 2 1/2 stories, affording accommodations about equal to those of the building now occupied by the firm. The contract for construction has been awarded to Messrs. Hardy & Cole of Andover, and work will commence immediately. The buildings will be connected by a corridor.

Mr. Joseph S. Shepherd and family are to occupy the Asa Angier place, corner of Third Street and Maple Avenue.

Mr. H. L. Allen, hostler at the Maverick Oil Works, was kicked by one of the horses Tuesday. One leg was slightly, though painfully injured.

Rev. Mr. Duncan of Clinton, occupied the pulpit at the Unitarian Church, Sunday, in exchange with Rev. Charles Noyes.

The card clothing department of the Davis & Furber Machine Co., is running five days a week.

Dr. F. E. Weil joined a private gathering of the Medical Fraternity, from Lawrence, for a day's outing at Johnson's Pond, Tuesday.

The Helping Hand Society will hold their Lawn party on the grounds at the historic residence of the Misses Bailey, Centre, on the afternoon and evening of July 30th.

Mr. Daniel F. Donovan died at the home of his sister on Second Street, Thursday morning at 4 o'clock, after an illness of about two months of consumption. His age was 33 years. Deceased was a native of Andover, and was for several years employed in the Street department. He was the second oldest in the family of 9 sons and 2 daughters. Funeral services were held at St. Michael's Church, Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. Interment at Andover.

The attendants of the Unitarian Church and Sunday School held their annual picnic at Pine Dell Grove, Johnson's Pond, yesterday. Mr. A. P. Cheney conveyed the party thither in the barge "Blue-bell."

Miss Annie E. Sanborn and Miss Nellie M. Stillings leave to-morrow for a sojourn of two weeks at Cottage City.

All who attended the Congregational Sabbath School picnic, Friday, enjoyed the pleasures of the day heartily. The weather was perfect throughout the entire day, and the excellent facilities for boating and promoting the various sports, made the outing the more agreeable. Several boat races occurred and other games were in order. Messrs. D. W. Carney and Joshua Paine triumphed in the race with four oars, with the Johnson Brothers, Herbert and Robert, second. In the boys' race 4 oars, Masters Putnam and Marston were first, and Masters Bixby and Saunders second. Misses Lizzie Wilkinson and Maggie Wadlin were the successful competitors in the boat race for young ladies. Messrs. David Kinley, J. W. Leitch, Andrew McLean, and F. A. Warren declared judgment upon the races. In the bowling alley the honors fell to Mr. O. M. Godfrey, who made the highest score. Two teams, captained by Messrs. Smith and Chickering, strove for the mastery in a game of base ball, six innings. The latter team was victorious by a score of 11 to 8.

"Disciples." "What are the marks of a true disciple?" are the topics selected for the meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E., Sunday evening.

Mr. John Smith of this town and Miss Katie Roache of Lawrence were united in marriage, Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in the chapel of St. Mary's church in that city. Rev. Fr. Curran performed the ceremony. The groom was attended by Mr. James Smith, a younger brother, as best man, and Miss Merrigan acted as bridesmaid. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents after the wedding. The couple are absent on a short tour, and on their return will reside on Main street, this town.

The following programme was given at the meeting of the Busy Bee Lodge, I.O.G.T. Wednesday evening: Readings, Susie Hinxman, Alice Hodge, Effie Smith, Charles Hinxman; Dialogue, "The Traveller," by Alma Downing, Bertha Davis, Lily Rand, Albert Chalk, Cornelius Mahoney; Readings, Minnie Goff, Irving Carney, Burtis Brown. The following were appointed to prepare the entertainment for the next meeting: Mrs. Flynn, James M. Craig, Mr. Kelley, Albert Chalk, Fred Cooper, Fred Sanborn.

Mr. George Gould returned home from the Lawrence Hospital Saturday, and is rapidly recovering from the injuries received a short time since.

Miss Lydia Brown of Wakefield, R. I., is visiting at the home of Mr. J. G. Brown.

Charles H. Morrill is having a four-oared boat made at Salisbury, which he will soon launch at Lake Cochichewick.

The North Andover depot has been decidedly improved during the last few weeks, the exterior has been newly painted and the renovations within make a neat and cheerful waiting room in comparison with that of bygone days. Agent Spence's office has been enlarged and when refitted will be very convenient. It is expected that the workmen will finish in about a week.

Obituary.

After a protracted illness of chronic bronchitis, the life of Mr. Jeffrey Kelley peacefully ended, at his home on Main street, Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. The place of his nativity was Glenmore, in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, 1834. When a lad of 14 years he emigrated to this town, was one of the earliest Irish settlers, and resided first upon Elm Street. In 1848 he entered the employ of Davis & Furber, learning the trade of a machinist, and continued in their service in the Card-room with but two interruptions until about two years since, when ill health necessitated rest from labor. He was at one time numbered among the workmen in the Essex Machine Shop, Lawrence, and also started a milk-route which he disposed of later, returning to the Davis & Furber Machine Shop, where he was one of the half dozen older employees actively engaged about the concern at present. During a residence of about 42 years, he connected himself with several different organizations, among others he was a member of the Union Charitable Society, of town, Div. No. 1, A.O.H., Bay State Council of the Order of United Friends, Catholic Friend Society, Vice-President of the United Irish Societies of Lawrence. He was attached to the Catholic faith, and since the foundation of the Orphan Asylum at Lawrence, has been interested in its welfare. Deceased was chairman of the Board of Registrars, chairman of the Democratic Town Committee, and for the past 35 years he has been a prominent figure in the caucuses and conventions of the local Democratic organizations.

In politics he was a Democrat in national affairs, varying to suit his choice in relation to town officers. He was one of the veteran firemen, and joined "Old Merrimack's" company when it was first organized and continued later as a member of the Eben Sutton S. F. E. Co., for some time. A widow, son, and four daughters receive the sympathy of friends in their bereavement. The funeral services in St. Michael's Church, Thursday morning at 10 o'clock were largely attended, Rev. Fr. Crowley celebrating a High Mass of Requiem. The remains were interred in St. Mary's Cemetery. The bearers were Hon. John Breen, Mr. Michael Curtin, Lawrence; Mr. Frank Reed, Lowell; Patrick Tobin, Nashua, N. H.; William Reed, Belmont; John Reed, Lowell.

Respecting the wishes of their comrade, the various organizations did not form a procession, but representatives of each were present during the services. Among the floral offerings resting on and about the casket was a large, roseate pillow, inscribed "Father," from the family; pillow with inscription "Brother," Mrs. Lizzie Heffernan; sheaf of wheat, Miss Mary Dailey, Lawrence; floral cross and base, Mr. L. H. Reid; bouquet of cut flowers, white roses and carnations, from Mrs. James H. Davis; basket of roses, Hon. and Mrs. John A. Wiley; large basket, Bay State Council, O. U. F.; basket, Miss Burnley, Lawrence; other flowers were presented by children.

Rev. C. C. Vinal, of Kennebunk, Me., formerly pastor of the Unitarian Church, will preach at that church Sunday. Mr. Vinal also served as a member of the board of school committee a few years since.

The Sons of Veterans will hold a meeting this evening.

The officers of Co. L have issued letters of invitation to the honorary members of the company for visiting days at the encampment at South Framingham, July 23, 24, and 25. It is understood that quite a number of those invited will attend within the time specified.

Mr. William P. Page and Miss Carrie M. Ferries were united in marriage at the home of the bride's sister, on Osgood Street, Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. The ceremony was privately conducted by Rev. H. H. Leavitt.

Mr. John H. Fuller, the well-known grocer, and Miss Isabella B. Porter, were joined in wedlock at the home of the bride's mother, School Street, Thursday afternoon at three o'clock. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. H. Leavitt, in the presence of a few of the relatives and intimate friends of the interested parties. At the conclusion of the ceremony an informal reception was held, after which Mr. and Mrs. Fuller left for a brief bridal trip. On their return, their residence will be on Elm Street.

Mr. J. F. Norton, of Cambridge, who has been organizing Merrimack Lodge, O.R.C., expects to establish one at Andover at an early date.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan 10, 1887.
Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice I have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours truly,
L. L. GORISH, M.D.,
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

COAL.

The undersigned, at the urgent request of many citizens of Ballardvale, will try the Coal business. Order box at the depot. From this date on.

ED. G. HAYWARD,
H. M. HAYWARD.

Ballardvale, July 16, 1890.

A very cold Winter is predicted. Now is the time to prepare for it.

BARGAINS IN

STOVES, RANGES, AND FURNACES.

Plumbing and Jobbing.

Also full line of tin and earthenware, rubber hose, pumps &c. At the reliable stand of

Geo. Saunders,
Main St.

HORSE WANTED.

Anyone having a horse which they wish cared for during the summer, and to be used lightly for his keeping, please address "L" TOWNSMAN OFFICE.

FLOUR

CARLOAD JUST RECEIVED

Which, notwithstanding the recent rise, will be sold at former LOW PRICES

T. A. HOLT & Co.,

Andover and North Andover Centre.

Only Big Show This Year.

ADAM FOREPAUGH'S

Great All-Feature Show

AND

Wild West Combined.

In all its Mighty Magnitude, its Gorgeous Splendor, its Overpowering Greatness, its Richness, and its all Comprehensiveness.

—AT—

Lawrence Tues., July 29,

The Grand Imperial, Laurel Crowned

FOREPAUGH SHOW,

With its Quarter of a Century of Glorious History, Limitless Capital, Vast and Varied Arenic, Zoological and Hippodromic Resources, and now Tremendously Reinforced with the Renowned, Romantic and Realistic

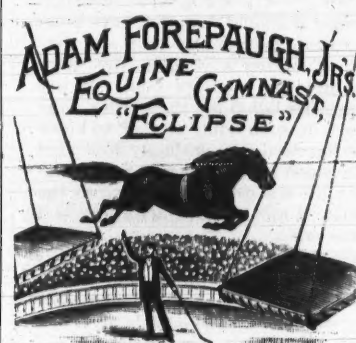
WILD WEST EXHIBITION.

THE GREAT CUSTER BATTLE.

The Mountain Meadow Massacre,

—AND—

Sheridan's Famous Ride.



ADAM FOREPAUGH, JR.,

The Illustrious Chief of all Arenic Stars, will appear in his daring and unparalleled act of riding and driving 40 fiery thoroughbreds at breakneck speed. He will also present for the first time here, the reason gifted equine gymnast, "Eclipse," together with all of his famous and self-created animal sensations.

Colossal 3 Ring Circus,

The Peerless Paris Hippodrome, And the Most Stupendous Menagerie Ever Exhibited Under Tents.

4-Paws Colossal Triple Circus.

4-Paws Startling Stage Sensations,

4-Paws Glorious Hippodrome Races,

4-Paws Mammoth Double Menagerie,

4-Paws Trained Animal Exposition.

Startling and Realistic WILD WEST scene. 200 Scouts, Cowboys, and Sioux Indians. CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE. The Atrocious Mountain Meadow Massacre. Indians' Attack on Deadwood Stage Coach. Virginia Reel on Horseback. Pony Express Riding. All the Crack Rifle, Shotgun and Pistol Experts. The Champion of the Universe, CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS, and his Three Famous Sons, shoot at every performance.

All the Wild West Attractions, all the Circus Stars, all the Hippodrome Features, all the Elephants and Wild Beasts, all the Great Golden Chariots will be Displayed in the Rare, Radiant and Romantic Street Parade, at 10 A.M., on the Day of Exhibition in this City.

Two Complete Exhibitions Daily at the Usual Hours. Admission, 50c. Children under nine, 25c. Cheap Round Trip Excursions on all Railroads. See local agent for particulars.

Lawrence, Tues., July 29.

FARM FOR SALE.

The well known property of

John Chandler,

IN

ABBOTT VILLAGE

is offered for sale. It is situated on Cuba St. less than two minutes walk from the village school, and about ten minutes walk from the Post Office, centre schools and churches. The Buildings consists of a two story house with 11 rooms, painted and blinded; barn 50 x 32; a new barn built a few years ago 30ft. square and shed 16 x 40. There are 70 acres of land, divided into mow, pasture and woodland. Land suitable for early products. Cuts 25 tons of hay. Apples and other small fruits in plenty. Excellent and never failing well of water. In fact a farm desirable in every way. For particulars Apply to

JOHN CHANDLER,

On the premises.

Or at J. H. Chandler's opposite Post Office.

A good opportunity to open up several desirable house lots, and leading through to the West Parish Road. Haggett's Pond water runs in front of house.

New Shoe Store
JOB LOTS.

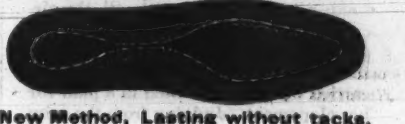
A Lot of Ladies' Fine Shoes,
\$2.50 per pair.

One Lot of Misses Shoes,
\$1.50 per pair. Regular Price \$2.00.

One Lot of Gents' Shoes,
\$1.75 per pair. Excellent Value.

Try the 'Little Monitor' Shoe

J. E. SEARS,
Bank Building, Main Street, Andover.



BUILDING.

Souls are built as temples are—
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lies the sure foundation stone.
Then the courses framed to bear
Lift the cloistered pillars fair,
Last of all the airy spire,
Soaring heavenward higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are—
Inch by inch in gradual rise
Mount the laved masonries.
Warring questions have their days,
Kings arise and pass away,
Laborers vanish one by one,
Still the temple is not done,
Still completion seems afar.

Souls are built as temples are—
Here's a carving rich and quaint;
There the image of a saint;
Here a deep hued pane to tell
Sacred truth or miracle;
Every little helps the much,
Every careful, careless touch
Adds a charm or leaves a scar.

Souls are built as temples are—
Based on truth's eternal law
Sure and steadfast, without flaw,
Through the sunshine, through the snow,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand may make or mar.
—Susan Coolidge in *Journal of Education*.

LOVERS OF MADEIRA.

The island of Madeira is one of the world's paradises. Earth contains no fairer spot, nor is there anywhere any climate more soft and genial. Once on a time it was my lot to pass seven or eight months in that lovely isle, and as I look back to those days of roving and idling among the valleys and graves of that magical isle, where the trade wind from the sea ever cools the air and wafts the murmur of the surf on the shore at the foot of the mighty cliffs, they seem to have been literally days in a land of dreams.

In one of my cruises around the island I arrived one evening at the charming village of Machico, which lies at the bottom of a sheltered cove. The sun was setting and threw a mantle of gold over the landscape. In the purple shadow of the hills nestled the thatched cottages of the fishermen and peasants, and the mellow ring of the chapel bell floated on the calm evening air.

We drew the boat on the beach, and my men found me a comfortable room for the night near the water, where the music of the sea could soothe to healthful slumber. As we were preparing the evening meal a fisherman's boy brought some red mullets just out of the sea. After a capital meal I strolled to the water side, where there was an old fort. The muzzles of the rusty cannon were overgrown with spiders' webs, a circumstance which seemed to add to the peacefulness of the scene. And there I reflected on the legend which had given the name of Machico to that spot. Centuries had come and gone since the day when Roger Machim had landed there; but I seemed to see him there with his lady love under the dense shade of the primeval forest and their ship riding in the bay, the first perhaps which had ever been there since the creation of the world.

It was way back in the reign of King Henry VII of England, in the Fifteenth century, that those things happened of which I am writing. Anne d'Arfet, or Dorset, as some call her name, was the daughter of a titled gentleman whose manor was in the south of England, near the sea. She was attractive and beautiful and of a romantic turn of mind. Ladies who fall in love with men below them in station may be supposed to have more sentiment than love of fortune and display.

Among the relations of her father was a youth named Roger Machim. From all accounts he was handsome and chivalrous in his bearing, but of a family inferior to hers. Therefore when her parents discovered that Roger loved their daughter and that she ardently returned his affection they at once frowned on his suit and sternly forbade the lovers to meet. The haughty parents had other plans and more ambitious schemes for their daughter. Roger was dismissed with disdain, and ordered to keep his distance from the castle.

Love laughs at locks and keys, it is said by those who seem to know something about it. At any rate it proved so in this case. By the means of a trusty friend Machim contrived to communicate with his lady love. I have no opinion to express as to her conduct in corresponding with him after the express commands of her parents, because I am not acquainted with all the circumstances, and the history does not give her age. It is sufficient to know that a busy correspondence was secretly carried on which resulted in a plan for her elopement. Judging from the grim

and determined character of the lady's father, Machim was convinced that it would be useless for them merely to fly to some other part of England. Sooner or later they would be discovered and he would be slain, while the lady would be forcibly carried home to end her days in despair.

It was therefore decided to fly to the coast and there take ship for France. Anne confided the secret to one of her maids, who succeeded in winning a trusty family servant to the lady's cause. Without such aid it would have been well nigh impossible to put the plan into execution. It is a sad and serious undertaking for a young woman to forsake her home, perhaps forever; it was doubly so in those olden times, when the means of travel were difficult, and to go to France was more hazardous than it is now to go to the ends of the earth.

But having once decided the lady did not hesitate. Her lover, with horses saddled and bridled, was waiting in a little wood hard by. It was dead of night when Anna d'Arfet with her maid stole softly down the dark staircase and through the winding corridors to the postern gate, where the old servant was waiting to turn the lock. They stepped forth into the cloudy, windy night and crossed the moat and the drawbridge. Then the lady paused an instant and took a last look at the battlements of her father's house. At that moment a dismal owl on a turret gave a mournful hoot, like the note of a fateful doom. The lady shuddered, dashed a tear from her eyes, drew the mantle about her and fled forever from her home.

Roger Machim was waiting in the wood with his attendants. Lightly she sprang on her horse, and then the cry was, "To spur and away!"

Bristol was the nearest port. The record does not say whether Machim chartered a ship expressly for this voyage, or engaged passage on one that was about to sail. At any rate, the ship was there waiting, and set sail as soon as the lovers arrived. She was very different from the ships we now use, and was what they called a galley. She had a very high bow and stern, towering far above the water and tapering toward the top. This made the galley look top heavy; but she was very broad at the water line and was deep qualities which made her seaworthy.

The cabin was a small, stuffy apartment, without staterooms or berths. The beds were spread on the deck. The entire ship reeked with the smell of tar and pitch and of moldy biscuit and salt fish and spirits. But perhaps people who went to sea in those days had stronger stomachs than they have now; at any rate this was the only way they had of taking a voyage; the ships slow and the comforts none. It was little consolation to those who were tossed in such a tub as that to know that the stern was profusely decorated with gilded carvings or that a rank tallow taper was ever burning before the picture of the Virgin Mary at one end of the cabin.

The galley had three short masts and three sails on yards hoisted from the deck and she had an abundance of long streamers. The captain and crew were coarse but picturesque figures, heavily bearded and brown with fighting the rough sea. They knew the way to France or Holland or Spain, although rarely sailing as far as Spain; but of aught south of it they knew little if anything, and absolutely nothing of what was westward. America had not yet been discovered and the Atlantic was to them a vast, vague mystery.

To the poor lady, flying from home and now for the first time on the sea, everything was so sad and strange and wild. Although they told her that in three or four days at farthest they hoped to land in sunny France, yet her heart was full of fears, and many a time she longed to be once more safe in the home she had left behind. But the die was cast. Even if they had been willing to return for her sake the winds were now contrary, and there was nothing to do but to keep on.

But it soon became a question whether they should be able even to reach France. It was now the season of storms, the wild month of October verging on winter, and the clumsy little galley was but ill fitted to battle with head winds and storms. It needed no barometer to tell the crew and passengers of the galley that heavy weather had set in for good. The white gulls darted swiftly round the ship over the foaming crests, the stormy petrels fol-

lowed in the wake, and hour by hour the surges and angry green swelled higher and higher and tossed the little ship like an egg shell, now toward the leaden sky and now with a swift rush into the watery abyss.

Yes, it began to be a question at last not whether they should reach France, but whether they would ever again see land or make a port.

Day after day the galley scudded under a rag of canvas before the furious, howling northeaster, rolling her gunwales under and shipping tons of water that threatened to send her to the bottom. Every timber creaked and groaned, and every man on board vowed candles to the virgin or promised to do penance at the first shrine to which he should come if only heaven would bring him safe to land. They had no charts of the regions toward which they were heading.

One day through the mist the high coast of Spain was seen off Cape Finisterre. Then they knew they were across the Bay of Biscay, and began to hope the fury of the storm might slacken. Never in all their experience had the bold captain and his pilots encountered such weather. But the storm continued, and still the galley sped southward, the winds grew warmer and the skies more blue, but the wind held and the surges seemed higher than ever. One of these surges swept off the captain and several of the crew.

At last the wind moderated, and the sea began to grow more peaceful. Every one was exhausted to the last degree; they knew not where they were, and their best navigator had been lost. While they were debating what course to take a sharp sighted old salt at the mast head shouted "Land ho!"

Every one sprang on deck. It was a surprise to every one on board, for no one had ever seen nor ever heard of land in that quarter. Poor Anne d'Arfet crept out from her couch and, leaning on the arm of Roger, gazed wistfully at the gray form which rose like a mist above the sea. A mass of clouds brooded over the summit of the lofty mountains, which gradually took shape as the galley drifted toward this unknown land. Passing around a long, lofty, rocky cape, the ship came under the tremendous precipices of this newly discovered coast, and her crew gazed amazed on the dense forests which grew to the water's edge and the cataraacts which, as if from the clouds, dropped to the sea.

But lovely and grand as was this sublime solitude, and pleasant as it was to see land once more, yet Roger Machim was not without fear; for the new land might be peopled by savages and cannibals or monsters, such as disturbed the imagination of the men of those days; and his conscience smote him, as if he felt that Providence had brought a punishment on them all for leading that fair young girl from her English home.

The galley dropped anchor at the entrance of an enchanting retired cove called from that time Machico, after Roger Machim. The water was deep and beautifully blue and clear. It was like molten turquois. The bottom of the ship could be distinctly seen from the surface as she floated there, and it looked for all the world as if it were made of solid turquois. The fish that darted under the keel also looked like turquois fish. Never on the coast of England had they seen any such lovely effects in the water as one sees at Madeira.

Tenderly they assisted the sick and careworn lady over the ship's side into the boat and rowed her ashore. She was, perhaps, the first woman who had stepped foot on that most witching of all the isles of the sea. They were, perhaps, the first human beings who ever trod on the yellow sands of that solitary paradise.

A clearing was soon made amid the forests that came to the shore, and a tent was soon spread out of an old sail. All were exhausted with anxiety, hardship and despair. But at last they seemed to have found a haven of repose where they could rest, gather strength and collect provisions to enable them once more to set sail for sunny France. They soon found that there were no savages, that in fact they were the only souls in that insular solitude, and that neither wild beasts nor poisonous reptiles were there to disturb them.

Anne d'Arfet, with her maid and Roger Machim, remained on shore with part of the crew; the rest of the crew kept on board to look after the ship. Everything promised well, and all went

merry as a marriage bell. It seemed as if the lovers had found an ideal haven for their retreat, such as the poets sing of in their romantic dreams. Generally it is like that the year round at Madeira. But the fates seemed against poor Anne and her devoted lover, and the season seems to have been unusually inclement. On the third day after anchoring at Machico their hopes were sadly dashed when they saw another storm gathering and heard the wind moaning among the woods and rolling great rollers on the shore.

When the men on board of the galley saw the peril in which they were they slipped the cable and ran out to sea, hoping to come back with the return of fair weather; but they never returned, nor was the galley ever heard of again.

It is easy to imagine the terror and despair which came upon the fugitives left on the solitary island when they saw their ship driven to sea. The lady immediately began to droop again. In vain poor Roger attempted to cheer her with hopes that the galley would yet come back and take them home again.

She saw too well in the wan face and lusterless eyes of her lover that he had no hope of leaving this island of exile. And there she died with his name on her lips. Scarcely had they laid her away in a grave a little removed from the shore than poor Machim also yielded to his doom. His heart was broken, and in two days more the survivors folded his hands on his breast and laid him beside Anne d'Arfet.

After waiting long in vain for the galley to return the three or four sailors who were left on the island fitted up the small ship's boat left with them and started on the desperate undertaking of finding a way home, at least by falling in the track of some ship. The wind waited them to the coast of Africa. There they were picked up by a Moorish corsair, which was cruising to attack Christian ships. The English sailors on arriving at a port were thrown into prison, where a number of other Christian captives were already lingering in chains.

Among them were some Portuguese mariners, who learned from the English captives of the island which they had discovered in so unexpected a way. After years the Portuguese mariners were ransomed and returned to Portugal. At Lisbon they met Zarco, a brave navigator at that port. To him they related the strange story learned from the English sailors. It was a period of discovery, and the Portuguese were among the foremost in leading the search for new lands.

Zarco at once fitted out a ship and found the island of Roger Machim, which he took possession of for the King of Portugal and called the island Madeira, because of its remarkable verdure. A chapel was built over the grave of Anne d'Arfet and Roger Machim, which still stands at Machico. The discovery of the island of Madeira has been of great use to the world, and thus we see again illustrated in its history the great fact—that man proposes, but God disposes.—S. G. W. Benjamin in *New York Independent*.

The Tallest of School Girls.

"The tallest school girl in the world," a German contemporary assures us, lives at Riednaun, near Sterzing. She is in her eleventh year and is about six feet in height. She is taller than any woman in that community. A showman from Vienna has paid a visit to her parents and offered them a good round sum to allow him to exhibit to the world so much feminine beauty. But the parents have no desire, they say, to part with their "Maderl" for any amount of money, though they have no objection to an occasional "at home."

Very Embarrassing, Certainly.

He—What is the subject of your graduation essay, Miss Edith?
She—Perfectly horrid! All about the capital punishments of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries, you know. What odious wretches our ancestors were, Mr. Hoffman! Electricity is bad enough, but how mortifying it must have been for one to be killed and chopped to atoms before one's very eyes!—*American Grocer*.

Understood the Case.

First Sportsman (with big load of game)—You don't appear to have had such good luck as I had.

Second Sportsman (with empty game bag)—No. My guide wasn't as good a marksman as yours.—*New York Weekly*.

John Adams' Pupil.

After taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Harvard John Adams taught school at Worcester, Mass. In the following letter, written March 15, 1756, he gives a lively description of his school and certain thoughts thereupon. The letter was to Judge Richard Cranch, of Boston:

"I sometimes in my sprightly moments consider myself in my great chair at school as some dictator at the head of a commonwealth. In this little state I can discover all the great geniuses, all the surprising actions and revolutions of the great world in miniature.

"I have several renowned generals but three feet high, and several deep-projecting politicians in petticoats. I have others catching and dissecting flies, accumulating remarkable pebbles, cockle shells, etc., with as ardent curiosity as any virtuoso in the Royal society.

"Some rattle and thunder out A, B, C, etc., with as much fire and impetuosity as Alexander fought, and very often sit down and cry as heartily upon being outspelt as Caesar did when at Alexander's sepulcher he recollected that the Macedonian hero conquered the world before his age.

"At one table sits Mr. Insipid, foppish and fluttering, spinning his whirlingig or playing with his fingers, as gayly and wittily as any Frenchified coxcomb brandishes his cane or rattles his snuff box. At another sits the polemical divine, plodding and wrangling in his mind about 'Adam's fall in which we sinned all,' as his primer has it.

"In short, my little school, like the great world, is made up of kings, politicians, divines, LL. D.s, fops, buffoons, fiddlers, sycophants, fools, coxcombs, chimney sweepers and every other character drawn in history or seen in the world. Is it not then the highest pleasure to preside in this little world, to bestow the proper applause upon virtuous and generous actions, to blame and punish every vicious and contracted trick, to tear out of the tender mind everything that is mean and little, and fire the new born soul with a noble ardor and emulation? The world affords no greater pleasure."

In a Fool's Paradise.

An American prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, but it is curious how much his countrymen's estimate of him depends upon foreign appreciation, especially that of Englishmen, and therefore how rare is his opportunity for self congratulation, considering that England has so slight a regard for America's foremost men, her poets and prophets, and so little real knowledge of them. Today it may almost be said of American writers, painters, sculptors that they require the stamp of European approval in order to attain a recognized place of esteem in American opinion. America as yet is not sure of its judgments. But woe to the Englishman who commits the tactless indiscretion of saying that this is so.

Americans, however, see no reason for humbly impressing their deficiency upon others. While the Englishman prefers to live in a fool's paradise of imperial pride, the American, with the assurance of immaturity, assumes a certainty and omniscience which he knows to be ill founded, and which can deceive nobody acquainted with history and human nature. He may admit, within the privacy of his own geographical boundaries and to other Americans, bitter things about himself and his fellows; but, like the English in their assertion of their own pushing dominance, he is not possessed of sufficient magnanimity to own the truth to others who are not of his own kith and kin.—W. M. Fullerton in *Fortnightly Review*.

Military Sagacity.

Napoleon armed his soldiers with muskets carrying a two ounce ball, and it was half a century before the weight was reduced to one ounce. Ten years ago it was concluded that a little bullet would kill as well as a big one, and now it takes forty bullets to weigh a pound. Warfare is getting to be almost sensible in its details.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The trunk of a rose bush growing at Ventura (Cal.) is said to be three feet in circumference, and the first branch it, throws out is twenty-one inches in circumference. It runs over a lattice work, and though more than a wagon load of boughs have been removed it covers a space of about 1,200 square feet. It yields thousands of flowers and is fourteen years old.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

Rev. F. W. Greene preached at the West church Sunday morning, on the text 1 Cor. 2:20, the subject being, "We are not our own." The evening service was a consecration meeting of the Y.P.S.C.E., with the subject, "Communion with God," 1 John, 1:6 and Rev. 3:20.

At the Chapel, Sunday morning, Prof. Ryder took for his text Gen. 5:24, "And Enoch walked with God."

At the Baptist church, Pres. Edward C. Mitchell, of Leland University, New Orleans, preached from John 12:24, in the morning. In the evening, in connection with a prayer service, he gave an address on the educational work among the freedmen. At the Sunday School committees were appointed to confer with other representatives of the schools for the Union Picnic the 2d of August.

Mr. Glen A. Taylor of the last Advanced Class of the Seminary, has accepted a call at Stuart, Ia.

Rev. H. H. Leavitt of North Andover preached at the Free Church Sunday morning in exchange with Rev. F. A. Wilson.

Mrs. James Williams, who resides two miles from Fairhaven, Vt., murdered her two children, a girl of 17 years and a boy of 6, set fire to the house, and cut her own throat, Friday. One other child, a boy of 15 years, who was sleeping upstairs, escaped with his life. He was awakened by the smell of smoke, and, going down stairs, found his mother standing in the doorway, screaming for help. There was a great wound in her throat and the blood streaming down her dress front. He attempted to get her out, but she was determined to go back, and only by violent efforts was he finally able to get her safely outside. She was undoubtedly insane. About two weeks ago her husband was killed in a slate quarry.

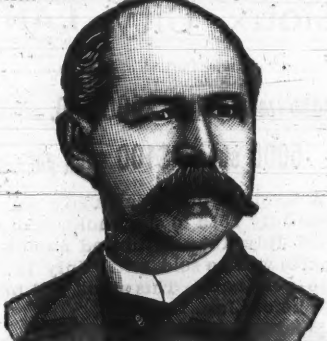
If a wide-awake man who sells lamp-chimneys happens to read, will he write to Macbeth & Co., Pittsburgh?

They make the "pearl-top" chimneys that do not break, except by accident. "Pearl-top" is the trade mark.

Some dealers think they can't afford to stop the breaking of chimneys. "It would spoil the business," they say.

Queer sort of business that lives on the worthlessness of its merchandise!

CAUTION Take no shoes unless W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom. If the dealer cannot supply you, send direct to factory, enclosing advertised price.



W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
Fine Calf, Heavy Laced Grain and Creosote Waterproof.
Best in the world. Examine his \$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE. \$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE. \$3.50 POLICE AND FARMER'S SHOE. \$3.50 EXTRA VALUE Calf SHOE. \$3.25 & \$3 WORKINGMEN'S SHOE. \$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOE. All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

\$3 & \$2 SHOES FOR LADIES.
\$1.75 SHOE FOR MISSES.
Best Material, Best Style, Best Fitting.
W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

Examine W. L. Douglas \$2.00 Shoes for gentlemen and ladies.

FOR SALE BY

BENJ. BROWN,

MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

ANDOVER DIRECTORY.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD

W. H. Goodwin, Agent.

ANDOVER TO BOSTON. A. M. 6.50 ex. ar. in Boston 7.38; 7.46 ex. ar. 8.35; 8.06 ex. ar. 8.55; 8.33 ex. ar. 9.20; 9.43 ex. ar. 10.35; 11.10 acc. ar. 12.05 P. M. 12.26 ex. ar. 1.15; 12.39 acc. ar. 1.40; 1.36 acc. ar. 2.20; 4.25 acc. ar. 5.20; 5.44 acc. ar. 6.42; 7.11 ex. ar. 8; 9.39 acc. ar. 10.30. SUNDAY: 7.45 ar. 8.50; 8.33 ar. 9.30; 12.20 ar. 1.26; P. M. 4.32 ar. 5.30; 5.53 ar. 7; 9.14 ar. 10.10. All accommodation.

BOSTON TO ANDOVER. A. M. 6.00 acc. arrive in Andover, 7.02; 7.30 acc. ar. 8.23; 9.30 acc. ar. 10.24; 10.25 acc. ar. 11.30. P. M. 12.00 ex. ar. 12.52; 12.30 ex. ar. 1.09; 2.15 ex. ar. 3.00; 3.20 ex. ar. 4.05; 4.02 acc. ar. 5.00; 5.00 ex. ar. 5.45; 6.00 ex. ar. 6.47; 6.35 acc. ar. 7.31; 7.00 acc. ar. 7.52; 11.00 ex. ar. 11.45. SUNDAY: A. M. 8.00 acc. ar. 9.06. P. M. 5.00 acc. ar. 6.14; 6.00 ex. ar. 6.47; 7.30 acc. ar. 8.25.

ANDOVER TO LOWELL. A. M. 7.46 arrive in Lowell 8.34; 8.33 ar. 9.02; 9.43 ar. 10.36; 10.35 ar. 11.04; 11.10 ar. 11.42. P. M. 12.39 ar. 1.06; 1.40 ar. 2.45; 2.44 ar. 3.14; 4.25 ar. 5.07; 5.50 ar. 6.16; 7.11 ar. 7.44; 9.39 ar. 10.08. SUNDAY: A. M. 7.45 ar. 8.12; P. M. 3.33 ar. 9.19. P. M. 12.20 ar. 12.51; 4.32 ar. 5.01; 5.58 ar. 6.26; 7.49 ar. 8.17; 9.14 ar. 9.40.

LOWELL TO ANDOVER. A. M. 8.35 ar. 9.00; 9.20 ar. 10.24; 10.55 ar. 11.30. P. M. 12.10 ar. 12.52; 1.00 ar. 1.26; 3.05 ar. 3.42; 3.30 ar. 4.05; 5.10 ar. 5.45; 6.15 ar. 6.47; 6.55 ar. 7.31; 11.10 ar. 11.45. SUNDAY: 8.00 ar. 8.24; 8.20 ar. 9.06. P. M. 5.35 ar. 6.14; 7.50 ar. 8.25.

ANDOVER TO LAWRENCE. A. M. 7.02, 8.23, 9.00, 10.24, 11.30. P. M. 12.52, 1.00, 1.26, 3.00, 3.42, 4.05, 5.00, 5.45, 6.47, 7.31, 7.52. SUNDAY: A. M. 8.24, 9.06. P. M. 6.14, 6.47, 8.25.

LAWRENCE TO ANDOVER. A. M. 6.40, 7.30, 7.55, 8.20, 9.30, 10.20, 11.00. P. M. 12.10, 12.30, 1.15, 1.25, 2.35, 4.14, 5.35, 5.40, 7.04, 9.30. SUNDAY: 7.35, 8.15. P. M. 12.10, 4.25, 5.35, 7.42, 9.08.

*To and from South side.

ANDOVER TO SALEM. A. M. 7.02, arrive in Salem 8.40, 8.23 ar. 9.58. P. M. 12.52 ar. 2.03; 5.45 ar. 7.00. SUNDAY: A. M. 8.24 ar. 9.42. Via Wilmington Junction, 7.45 ar. 8.45.

SALEM TO ANDOVER. A. M. 7.00 arrive in Andover, 8.33; 11.35 ar. 12.30. P. M. 4.39 ar. 5.50; 6.00 ar. 7.11. Via Wakefield Junction, 10.35 ar. 11.30; 2.00 ar. 3.00. SUNDAY: P. M. 6.40 ar. 7.49.

GOING EAST. A. M. 7.02 H. N. 8.23, 10.24 H. P. M. 12.52 N. 3.00, 3.42 N. 4.05, 5.45, 6.47 H. N. 7.52 H. SUNDAY: A. M. 9.06 H. P. M. 6.47, 8.25 H.

H. to Haverhill only. N. connects to Newburyport.

GOING NORTH, VIA MANCHESTER. A. M. 8.23. P. M. 1.09, 5.45 6.47. SUNDAY: A. M. 9.06. P. M. 6.47.

For Ballardvale take Lowell trains. The 8.23 a.m. train from here connects for Salem, Point of Pines, every day in the week.

H. McLawlin.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Farming Tools.

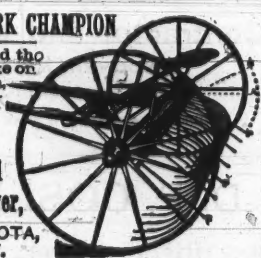
ACME HARROW.

North American, Yankee, and Syracuse Plows.

NEW YORK CHAMPION

Warranted the Best Hake on Earth.

Made by Patten, Stafford & Myer, CANASTOTA, N. Y.



BRADLEY MOWING MACHINE.

—AND—

THOMAS TEDDER.

Repairs furnished for all Machines, Plows, etc.

Headquarters for AKRON DRAIN PIPE

J. H. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

Periodicals, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Confectionery,

AND FRUIT.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

H. S. WRIGHT,

(Successor to Saunders Bros.)

PRACTICAL PLUMBER AND TINSMITH.

Furnaces and Ranges, Linings, Repairs & Stoves Stored.

Entrance Rear of Sears Boot and Shoe Store.

D. SWEENEY, Horse and Ox Shoeing,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH.

Special care taken with interfering and over-reaching horses.

Punchard Ave., Andover, Mass.

J. ABBOTT,

Picture Frames,

Curtains and Fixtures,

Looking Glasses, etc.

Park Street, Andover.

M. V. CLEASON,

Mason and Builder.

Mason work of all kinds also Kalsomining, Whitening, Tinting and Whitewashing executed promptly at the lowest prices.

Order Box at the Post Office.

Maple Avenue, Andover.

E. H. BARNARD,

House, Sign, and Carriage Painter,

Graining, Glazing, and Paper-hanging.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Window-glass, & Wall-papers.

ESSEX ST., ANDOVER.

H. P. WRIGHT.

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

Something New.

Call and examine our Boys SEAMLESS Solid Shoes. Best thing out for service.

Repairing Neatly & Promptly Done.

Barnard's Block, Main Street,

EDWARD BUTTERWORTH.

(Instructor in Andover and North Andover Schools.)

Teacher in Vocal Music

Is prepared to teach classes. Special attention given to beginners.

Residence, Main St.,

North Andover.

Miss K. C. Brown,

NURSE.

May be found at the residence of Mrs. Gleason, Essex St. References furnished.

J. H. DEAN,

Merchant Tailor,

Has just received a nice line of

Spring Overcoats, Suits and Pants, Hats, Caps, Neckties, and Gents Furnishing Goods,

Which will be sold for a small advance on cost.

31 MAIN ST., ANDOVER, MASS.

ELM HOUSE.

A. F. WILBUR, Prop.

Opposite Memorial Hall,

ANDOVER, MASS.

This Hotel is pleasantly situated in one of the most beautiful and healthful towns in New England.

Ample Accommodations for Summer Boarders.

First-class livery connected with the house.

Established 1833.

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MANUFACTURER OF

Express, Grocery, Market, Meat, Milk,

Fish, Order, and Business

WAGONS.

Repairing, in all its branches, receives special attention.

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OFFICE:

CARTER'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET

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Near the Freight Station of Boston and Maine Railroad.

B. B. TUTTLE, EXPRESS AND JOBBING.

Particular attention given to moving Pianos and Furniture.

Essex Street,

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THOMAS P. HARRIMAN, Horse & Ox Shoeing & General Blacksmithing, Park Street, Andover.

BROWN'S Andover and Boston Express

BOSTON OFFICES:

34 Court Sq. & 77 Kingston St.

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ANDOVER OFFICE, PARK ST.,

Late Express from Boston at 6 o'clock

THE PLACE

TO BUY

First-class Meat, Vegetables, Canned Goods etc.

Is at the old and reliable stand of

Valpey Brothers,

ESTABLISHED 1866.

Prices as reasonable as at any other market.

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—DEALER IN—

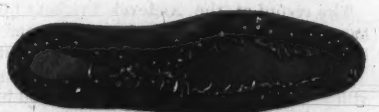
Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

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LADIES' OXFORDS AT LOW PRICES.

Swift's Building, Main Street, Andover.



Old Method, Lasting with tacks.



New Method, Lasting without tacks.

GEORGE PIDDINGTON, FLORIST.

Wedding and Funeral Designs neatly executed. Greenhouses School St., near depot.

GEO. S. HOLDERNESS, Upholstering and Furniture Repairing

In all its branches.

Carpet, Mattress and Shade Work.

Patronage Solicited.

Park St., Andover,

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A Perfect Insecticide and Fertilizer Combined

TREES, SHRUBS, AND VINES,

AND THE

Destruction of Insects and Vermin.

AND THE FIELD,

ALSO, FOR

LAWNS, FLOWERING PLANTS, GARDENS,

MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR

For Fertilizing and Other Purposes.

TOBACCO and SULPHUR

GRANULATED

STURTEVANT'S

ANDOVER NEWS.

For other Andover News, see Pages 1 and 4

Abbott Village.

Sylvester Goodwin was thrown from his team Tuesday receiving injuries which have laid him off work.

Aaron S. Clark, of Methuen, spent Sunday with his son, Justin Clark.

The Albion-Prospect cup-game last Saturday at Lawrence resulted in the defeat of the latter by 61 runs and 1 wicket. The standing of the clubs is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Per Cent
Andovers,	2	0	1000
Albions,	3	1	750
Prospects,	1	3	250
Merrimacks,	0	2	0000

Workmen are engaged digging away the embankment back of the engine house preparatory to the building of the new store-room and office.

A little shaver—a daughter—appeared at the home of David F. Bruce last Saturday morning.

James C. Low and family spent Sunday visiting friends in Boston and vicinity.

The annual excursion of the Smith & Dove employes took place last Saturday at Oak Island. The special train of six cars left the depot at 7.25 and proceeded via Wilmington Junction, arriving at Oak Island about 10 o'clock. The party, headed by the Andover Brass Band, marched to the grove, where the "Yankee notions" engaged the attention of many. After a concert in the grove by the band, the majority of the picnickers took to the beach, bathing being indulged in by both old and young, especially enjoyed by the former. The band played several pieces on the beach, after which the party returned to the grove where dinner was served. The afternoon was spent by some in dancing in the pavilion, while others spent their cents tobogganning, and other attractions found at summer resorts. At 6.20 the special train left Oak Island for Andover, arriving at 8.30. The day, although cloudy, was good, and the excursionists seemed to have enjoyed themselves. The arrangements were carried out ably, no accident of any kind marring the day's enjoyment.

To-morrow on the home grounds the Andovers and Merrimacks of Lawrence play a cup game. The team to represent Andover is: Capt. D. F. Bruce, J. Porter, W. Ker, J. McGlynn, A. Saunders, J. C. Low, W. Greig, O. Coates, G. A. Christie, H. Kydd, A. L. Dick. Game commences at 1.45 p.m. The second eleven of the above teams play a friendly game on the Merrimack's grounds with the following aggregation from Andover: Capt. G. D. Lawson, T. Wrigley, T. Wilkie, C. MacDermott, J. Harris, J. Smith, P. Sullivan, J. B. Callum, A. Bruce, D. Guthrie, L. A. Dane. The Merrimack teams will be as follows: First eleven—Capt. T. Thompson, F. Holtham, C. Morrell, J. W. Butterfield, D. M. Scott, C. Robinson, E. Laycock, G. Britain, H. Cushen, D. Fitzgerald, G. Tatton; reserves, J. W. Harrison, J. Tonge. Second eleven—Capt. J. Wade, Wm. Birch, J. Birch, R. Lee, G. H. Shaw, J. S. Thompson, A. Ramsden, H. Pickman, T. Morgan, S. Smith, J. Dearden; reserves, J. Jackson, Wm. Lee.

The record of the Andover Cricket Club has been fairly good so far; nine games having been played—six won and three lost. The Lowells have won two and the Somervilles one. The number of runs scored by the home team has been 708, as against 499 by opponents. This gives an average of 70 runs per game, and 41 for opponents. For the medal, Bruce easily leads in batting, having scored 210 runs in 11 innings, giving him an average of 19 runs. Porter is next with 10 runs. The following table will show how the bowlers stand for the medal, McGlynn at present being an easy first:

	Inn.	Balls.	Runs.	W'k'ts	Av. per W'k't.
McGlynn,	7	395	95	27	3.5
Kydd,	9	477	139	33	4.21
Bruce,	10	531	170	40	4.22
Saunders,	4	120	30	7	4.28

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on its merits, Arthur Bliss Druggist.

The Andover Townsman is printed with Andover ink manufactured by W. C. Donald & Co.

Frye Village.

Mr. William Poor delivered in Nashua, N. H., one of his meat wagons on the 11th, another on the 15th, taking both of them over the road, to parties who had ordered them built.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Sullivan were greeted on Monday with a little daughter.

William Leitch and wife and their grandson of North Andover, have been spending a week in Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, of Arlington, is making a visit at J. W. Bell's.

John Hill spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Saugus.

Mrs. David Middleton visited friends in Lynn this week.

Mrs. William Leitch, of North Andover, is spending this week in the village.

Misses Alice and Lizzie Phillips spent Saturday at Nantasket Beach.

Miss Marion and Walter Rushworth, of Lowell, are visitors at Alfred Playdon's.

James Kydd, a cousin of Thomas Kydd, with his wife was here on a visit this week.

George S. Cole has boxed the water pipe across the bridge.

BIRTHS.

In North Andover, July 12, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Sam D. Stevens.

In Andover, July 14, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Owen Sullivan.

In Andover, July 12, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Bruce.

In North Andover, July 11, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. George F. Ryall.

In North Andover, July 14, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Kershaw.

In North Andover, July 15, a son to Mr. and Mrs. George M. Burns.

In North Andover, July 15, a son to Mr. and Mrs. John B. McNulty.

MARRIAGES.

In Lawrence, July 15, by Rev. Fr. Curran at St. Mary's Chapel, Mr. John Smith of North Andover and Miss Katie Roache, Lawrence.

In North Andover, July 12, by Rev. H. H. Leavitt, Mr. William P. Page and Miss Carrie M. Ferris, both of town.

In North Andover, July 17, by Rev. H. H. Leavitt, Mr. John H. Fuller and Miss Isabella B. Porter, both of town.

DEATHS.

In North Andover, July 15, of chronic bronchitis, Mr. Jeffrey Kelley. Aged 50 years.

In North Andover, July 15, of cholera infantum, William, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Barrett, aged ten months. Funeral this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

In North Andover, July 17, of consumption, Daniel Donovan, aged 33 years.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop, Toledo, Ohio. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price .5c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the will of Mary M. Greene, late of Andover, in the County of Essex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to JONATHAN SMITH, Executor. Andover, July 10, 1890.

WINONA SOCKS!

Best Finish; Fastest Colors; Finest Fabrics of any Seamless Sock manufactured. A full line of sizes in all desirable colors. Ask for them and take none other. For Sale by T. A. Holt & Co.

PLUMBING, HEATING, —AND— VENTILATION

With the introduction of a Water Supply comes the difficulty of properly disposing of the Sewage in the House.

Plans Made. Estimates Furnished.

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